

# The Noble Gallant,

Or; An Answer to, *Long days of absence, &c.*

He all those jealous Doubts of hers removes,  
And now unto this fair one constant proves,  
He tells her he is hers, none shall possess  
Him, but her self, such love he doth express;  
He gives her all content that can be spoken,  
And cheers her heart, which once was almost broken;  
VVhat e're she asks she has, BEAUTY rules all,  
It can a Lovers heart make rise or fall.

To a Pleasant New Tune; called, *the German Princesses farewell.*



**T**hink not my Dear thou shalt be absent long,  
My heart to thine is ty'd most firm and strong,  
None of thy Rivals eber shall out-do thee,  
They are not fit to be compar'd unto thee.  
What need I care for wealth it is but dross;  
Want of a beauty is the greater loss;  
Though constancy with age is out of fashion,  
A Woman ought in love to keep true passion.

Perhaps with others I may sport and play,  
But what thou long'st for I'll not give away;  
Thou shalt have all the pleasure I can give thee,  
Then fear me not, for I will never leave thee.  
Thou shalt not lose one smile, what I can grant  
My pretty wanton thou shalt never want,  
Thy kisses I own, and dying will embrace thee,  
The Willow Garland never shall disgrace thee.

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If all the world should dare to laugh, and say I know that thou art merry, brisk, and young,  
My mind on beauty often goes astray;  
Yet she that willingly affords me pleasure,  
Shall have at her command a spirit of treasure.

I know for wit and beauty ne'r a lass,  
In all the world my dearest can surpass;  
One kiss, one smile, one hug, I then am dying,  
Ask what thou wilt, there can be no denying.

thou needst not force thy soul, for thou hast charms  
Are able to resist cold deaths alarm's:  
There can be no decay in the I am sure,  
Nature's rare works for ages must endure.

Thy vows I hear, thou art my hearts delight,  
I find no joy but when I am in thy sight;  
By this thou shalt assure thy self I love thee,  
No woman in my heart shall rule above thee:

We rest content with thee, and never more;  
Strange faces, nor proud looks will I adore:  
Be true to me, and all things I'll do for thee,  
But if unkind and false, then I'll abhor thee.

When I behold those pretty wanton eyes,  
The thoughts of any other I despise:  
Then be not jealous, for I'll always mind thee,  
I'll catch thee in my arms where e'er I find thee

Talk not of Death thou art not born to dye,  
He'll count thee when he doth that face espy:  
Come kiss me now my dear, & don't repent thee  
For naked every night I will content thee.

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